

A N
E L E G Y

O N T H E

Late Rt. Hon. W..... P..., Esq.

[Price Eighteen-Pence.]

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State R. Hon. P... P... E. P.

[Price Eighteen Pence.]

A N
E . L E G Y
O N T H E

Late Rt. Hon. W..... P..., Esq.

----- O Lucifer, Son of the Morning,
How art thou fallen !



L O N D O N :

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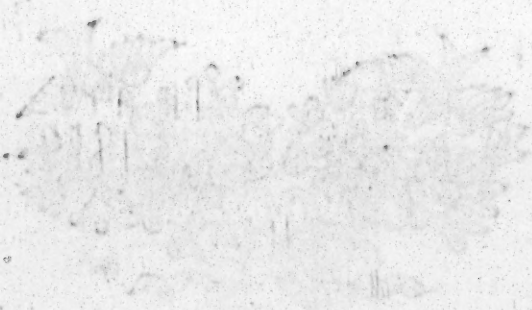
Pamphlets

E. L. G. Y.

ON THE

Late Rt. Hon. W. P. P. P. P.

..... O. L. G. Y. P. P. P. P.



L O N D O N

Printed for G. K. P. P. P. P. P.

M. D. C. L. X. V.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
R I C H A R D,
E A R L T E M P L E,

THIS ELEGY IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
AS A FAINT TESTIMONY OF
THE AUTHOR'S VENERATION
FOR THE NUMBERLESS VIRTUES
WHICH EMINENTLY DISTINGUISH HIS LORDSHIP,
BOTH IN HIS
PRIVATE AND PUBLIC CAPACITY,
AND RENDER HIM
AN ORNAMENT TO HUMAN NATURE,
AS WELL AS
A BLESSING TO HIS COUNTRY.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

RICHARD

EARL

THIS ELEGY IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

AS A TESTIMONY OF

THE AUTHOR'S VENERATION

FOR THE NUMBERS

WHICH ENLIGHTENED HIS MIND



BOTH IN HIS

PRIVATE AND PUBLIC CAPACITY

AND RENDER HIM

AN ORNAMENT TO HUMAN NATURE

AS WELL AS

A BLESSING TO HIS COUNTRY

A N

E L E G Y.

I.

IF when the stern relentless hand of Fate,
Has snatch'd some hero in his early bloom;
Or seiz'd unpitying on the good and great,
To swell the fable triumphs of the tomb:

II.

If when the guardians of a country die,
The grateful drop in tenderness should start;
And the keen anguish of a red'ning eye,
Declare the deep affliction of the heart:

B

III. How

A N E L E G Y.

III.

How must the feeling bosom bear its strife,
How must the voice of gratitude exclaim,
When some fell hour has seiz'd on more than life,
And wrought the worst of murders on their fame!

IV.

Where we lament for patriotic fire,
A glorious envy mingles with the tear;
And tho' we weep, we secretly admire,
And nobly grudge the glory of its bier.

V.

But where some high, some celebrated name,
Flies meanly back from Virtue's generous race,
And stains a whole eternity of fame,
To gain a glitt'ring ensign of disgrace:

VI.

Where some exalted, self-ennobled sage,
Superior far to hecatombs of rings;
The friend, the fire, the saviour of an age,
Gives up a realm for earldoms and for strings:

VII. Sharp

VII.

Sharp indignation mixes with distress,
 Howe'er he once was godlike in our eyes;
 And spite of all the pity we possess,
 We must retain our justice, and despise.

VIII.

Fain wou'd the muses for a favourite plead,
 Fain wou'd they form some reconciling plan,
 To spare the person, yet condemn the deed;
 To brand the baseness, yet preserve the man.

IX.

But Oh! what plea, what language has the power,
 Howe'er important, tender, or sublime,
 To check the sun-beam'd swiftmess of the hour,
 Or snatch the glass from ever-flying Time.

X.

Can the fine magic of a melting strain,
 Invert the well known principle of things,
 Remove the sigh from agonizing pain,
 Or guard the guilty bosom from its stings!

XI. Allied

XI.

Allied alas! for ever to the crime,
No kind exemption can the person claim;
But blackens downward on the lapse of Time,
The equal object of eternal shame.

XII.

Ah! what avails the wide capacious mind,
With every science accurately fraught;
The keen-ey'd fancy sparkling and refin'd,
The blaze of genius, and the burst of thought!

XIII.

Ah! what avails the magnitude of soul,
Which urg'd by sterling sentiment alone;
Taught the big bolts of eloquence to roll,
And thunder'd strong conviction round the throne!

XIV.

Bid sinking Britain shake away the gloom,
Which long had bound her temples with disgrace;
And like the bald, but deathless chief of Rome,
Twin'd everlasting laurels in its place.

XV. Alas!

XV.

Alas! the wide capacious field of mind,
With every science accurately fraught;
The keen-ey'd fancy sparkling and refin'd,
The blaze of genius, and the burst of thought

XVI.

The vast, the wond'rous magnitude of soul,
Which urg'd by sterling sentiment alone;
Taught the big bolts of eloquence to roll,
And thunder'd strong conviction round the throne!

XVII.

Bid sinking Britain shake away the gloom,
Which long had bound her temples with disgrace;
And like the bald, but deathless chief of Rome,
Twin'd everlasting laurels in its place.

XVIII.

These no blest veil, no mantle ever threw,
To screen a paltry prostitute from morn;
But stripp'd him still more openly to view,
And call'd alone for aggravated scorn.

C

XIX. Where

XIX.

Where the dull slave, or sycophant confest,
Erects on guilt his coronetted car;
Or hides his native turpitude of breast,
Beneath the venal dazzlings of a star.

XX.

No conscious blush compels the cheek to glow,
The brow no mark of wonder will display;
For fools we see are always caught by shew,
And ever find that villains will betray.

XXI.

But where the first in Fame's immortal round,
Charm'd with the gew-gaw's fascinating glare;
Exchange intrinsic character for sound,
And basely barter liberty for air.

XXII.

Their very worth contrasted with their fall,
A new disgrace inevitably sheds;
Gives the keen curse accumulated gall,
And drags down wider vengeance on their heads.

XXIII. Where

XXIII.

Where then, unhappy PYNSENT, canst thou run,
Where strive to hide, O elevated slave!
What pitying cell can snatch thee from the sun,
Or kindly yield a temporary grave?

XXIV.

Fly with the lightning's rapidness of haste,
Where the drear Ohio's melancholy flood,
Glooms with unusual horror on the waste,
And swells quite crimson'd with Britannia's blood.

XXV.

Yet rather seek some confine of the earth,
Where British footsteps never have been known;
Where the sweet sun-beam dies before its birth,
Or hapless Nature burns beneath the zone:

XXVI.

Beyond where Zembla with eternal snows,
All chill'd and shivering in herself retires;
Or where parch'd Afric vehemently glows,
In all the fierceness of autumnal fires.

XXVII. There,

XXVII.

There, while the wond'ring savages applaud,
 Retain thy baseness, yet preserve thy pride;
 For some state minion infamously bawd,
 Yet still affect the privilege to GUIDE.

XXVIII.

But why shou'd PYNSENT madly urge his flight,
 And poorly servile to a trivial lay,
 Explore the bound'ries of perpetual night,
 Or seek the realms of ever-scorching day!

XXIX.

Can the mere casual circumstance of pole,
 Th' unmeaning, dull variety of clime,
 Restore his once known chearfulness of soul,
 Or pour one beam of comfort on his crime!

XXX.

Must not a kingdom's heart-directed cries,
 Like the dread tempest's all-destroying sweep,
 O'ertake th' illustrious caitiff as he flies,
 And sink his recreant vessel on the deep!

XXXI. Tho'

XXXI.

Tho' the white cliffs of this deserted shore,
 No more shou'd silver on his hated eyes;
 Shou'd strike his breast with consciousness no more,
 Nor ring his foul dishonour thro' the skies.

XXXII.

Still what blest balm from consolation caught,
 In distant worlds can PYNSENT hope to find;
 Unless he flies as rapidly from thought,
 And leaves both sense and memory behind?

XXXIII.

Shou'd he bestride the swiftest steed of day,
 Or mount on whirlwinds with unnumber'd wings;
 Still guilt would seize the dastard on his way,
 And conscience dart unutterable stings.

XXXIV.

Still wou'd one curst, one execrable word,
 Unman his soul, and agonize his frame;
 And that detested epithet of LORD,
 O'erwhelm the wretch with misery and shame.

D

XXXV. O! why,

XXXV.

O! why, when Virtue's heav'n-descended heat,
Sinks by ambition fatally opprest;
Or high-soul'd Honour, tottering from her seat,
Resigns the spotless empire of the breast!

XXXVI.

Why does not ten-fold Impudence stand forth,
To shield in brass the blush-betraying face;
And where we're dead to sentiment and worth,
Destroy the dread of scandal and disgrace?

XXXVII.

Triumphant slaves might then securely reign,
Nor meanly shrink to look upon the morn;
Behold the frown of kingdoms with disdain,
And treat th' indignant universe with scorn.

XXXVIII.

No PYNSENT then need hesitate an hour,
To prop some sinking villain, or his cause;
Nor seek to screen an avarice of power,
With the poor veil of popular applause.

XXXIX. Quite

XXXIX.

Quite unappall'd beneath the rage of times,
 He then might spring with transport into place;
 And lay a sure foundation on his crimes,
 To build the future glories of his race.

XL.

But Heav'n's high will has graciously design'd,
 That strong remorse with infamy shou'd dwell;
 And plac'd an awful censor in the mind,
 Who damns the traitor to an instant hell.

XLI.

Hence, when from Virtue's sacred course we fly,
 The blush in deep'ning crimsons will be drest;
 The rising gush will deluge all the eye,
 And more than adders gnaw along the breast.

XLII.

And yet, if nought but Conscience, with her snakes,
 The slave's base view is able to controul;
 If no bright spark of honour ever wakes,
 The cold, dead fibres of his flinty soul:

XLIII. What

XLIII.

What greater proof of tenderness and love,
Can Heav'n's own hand beneficently shew;
Than to doom those who dread no Judge above,
To certain shame and wretchedness below?

XLIV.

Yet tell us, PYNSENT, is there ought in state,
In ermin'd pomp, or coronetted glare;
To sooth the sharp severity of fate,
And shield the rankling bosom from despair?

XLV.

Can the poor toy that glitters o'er a crest,
Or all th' illustrious baubles of a throne,
Bestow one honest honour on a breast,
That basely stoops to prostitute its own?

XLVI.

Haft thou, and tell us generously now,
Since that curst hour on infamous record;
When the green laurel with'ring on thy brow,
Beheld thee vilely dwindling in a LORD!

XLVII. Haft

XLVII.

Haft thou (nor dare, with conscience in thy eye,
 To breath a sound or accent insincere)
 Once seen the blessed morn without a sigh,
 Or hail'd the sober eve without a tear?

XLVIII.

Has the drear darkness of the midnight hour,
 E'er kindly blest thy pillow with repose;
 Or the soft balm of Sleep's refreshing power,
 Once taught those lids in tenderness to close?

XLIX.

Or say, if sleep once fortunately stole,
 When life's low lamp cou'd scarcely shed a gleam,
 Did not some demon harrow up thy soul,
 And stab the short, the momentary dream?

L.

Did not wide Fancy's all-exploring clue,
 Bid Time's deep womb be accurately shewn;
 And raise such baleful images to view,
 As scar'd thy coward consciousness to stone?

LII.

O! PYNSENT, what had empires to bestow,
That e'er thy worth or character cou'd raise,
Teach wond'ring worlds more gratefully to glow,
Or add a single particle of praise?

LII.

Did not whole senates hang upon thy voice,
And suppliant climes solicit thee for laws;
Nay, did not Fame, obedient to the choice,
Still give the wreath as thou would'st give applause?

LIII.

Say, cou'd Ambition's most exalted fire,
Misguided man! be gratified with more
Than awe-struck senates always to admire,
And echoing realms to wonder and adore?

LIV.

What then, quite withering on the stalk of age,
Diseas'd, emaciate, sinking in the grave;
Cou'd drag thee now to totter on the stage,
Or load the wretched skeleton with slave?

LV. Trembling

LV.

Trembling on life's most miserable verge,
 Nay, even now just numbering with the dead;
 Why would'st thou thus in infamy immerge,
 And pluck a kingdom's curses on thy head?

LVI.

That kingdom too, whose ever-grateful eyes,
 Thy matchless worth so tenderly cou'd see;
 That scarce she breath'd an accent to the skies,
 But what was wing'd with benizons for thee.

LVII.

O! hapless PYNSENT, when the pitying muse,
 Sees the supremely eminent and good,
 In palsied age relinquish all the views,
 For which through youth they generously stood:

LVIII.

When the bright guardians of a free-born land,
 In life's last stage sink utterly deprav'd;
 And in some minion's execrated hand,
 Destroy those realms which formerly they sav'd:

LIX. Lost

LIX.

Lost in the passions' wildly raging tide,
 An actual type of chaos she appears;
 And throws the pen distractedly aside.
 To give an ample fullness to her tears.

LVI.



LVII.

F I N I S.

LVIII.

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